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offers the finest possible investment.

Write for Booklet, free from M.G., J.B.,

CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.
(M. Gregory, Gen. Manager)
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Economise! By using the "J.B." Pen Coupon on Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 637. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

AT THE TOP.

"CAVANDER'S"

Army Club

CIGARETTES

Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens

20 for 1/1 50 for 2/8

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

"JUST RIGHT."

There is nothing better than a good cup of coffee as a preparation for the day's work—serve Milkmaid Café au Lait for breakfast, and your family will tell you that it is "just right." Its delicious and aromatic flavour, its stimulating and sustaining qualities make it an ideal beverage.

MILKMAID CAFÉ AU LAIT

Made in the true Continental fashion from fine, fresh-ground coffee, with rich dairy milk and refined sugar added in exactly the right proportions—easy to prepare—only requires the addition of boiling water. Economical, too. Try a tin to-day, but be sure you get the genuine Milkmaid Café au Lait.

Cash Price—6½d., 1/-, 1/11½.

Packed in England by the well-known firm of Nestlé, and sold by all Grocers and Stores.

THE WIFE OF THE FIGHTING MAN

The NATIONAL NEWS

ORDER FORM. Please hand this to your Newsagent.

Will you reserve "The National News" for me every Sunday?

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THE ***ONLY*** PENNY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER—
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Are YOU employing a disabled man?

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Navy Cut Cigarettes

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IN TINS OF 100 - - - - 5/4
IN TINS OF 50 - - - - 2/8

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN CARD BOXES OF 100 - 4/3
IN CARD BOXES OF 50 - 2/2½

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

P.40

Don't use dear eggs because the recipe says so —use instead Goodall's Egg Powder which cuts the cost in two and gets over all FLOUR troubles

IF only everyone would read Miss Wright's report below there would be no more grumbling about the unaccustomed flour we are getting now-a-days—it is highly nourishing, and, as Miss Wright says, with Goodall's Egg Powder you can easily tame it into good behaviour—and save ¼ of the cost of eggs into the bargain. Instead of using the 2 or 3 eggs your recipe probably called for, just use *one* (or even omit eggs entirely) and a 1½d. packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. You will then get cakes practically as light and tempting and delicious as your pre-war ones—at practically pre-war cost. Cookery Schools and up-to-date homes all over the Kingdom are using Goodall's Egg Powder generously. Why not begin to do the same, and begin to save *your* money?

Elsie Mary Wright, ("Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best known cookery experts in London).

Miss Wright reports: *"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty . . . . its great advantage over other Egg substitutes is that it contains a minimum of baking powder, the consequence being that cakes, etc., made with it retain all their richness instead of being dry and tasteless. Analysis also shews that Goodall's Egg Powder contains valuable albumens and phosphates.*

1½d. packets; 7d. and 1/2 tins.

Write us if your grocer hasn't it.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

IT IS A TROUBLE

to scrub the floors, but if you have oilcloth, or cheap linoleum, energetic and regular Scrubbing is necessary. On the other hand, if you have Catesbys Cork Lino on the floors no scrubbing is required. Samples, prices, and book of designs all free by post. We sell on Easy Terms, or allow a discount of 2s. in the £ for cash. We pay carriage.

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PURE BREAKFAST

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"There is No Better Food."
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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 637. Week ending Saturday, August 17th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Premier's Joke.

About two million people had their legs pulled on Bank Holiday, when, with open mouths and expectant minds, they saw the Premier's "Message" unsealed—and heard it read. They were simply told to "hold fast," and they did—to their seats. The little Welshman always *was* fond of a joke!

Bravo, Japan!

Do you remember our cry, a year ago, "Come on, Japan"—and our plea to President Wilson not to stand in the way? And now, "at the request of America," the little yellow boys are making for Siberia; and Russia may yet be saved.

Bolsheviks.

By the way, we are told that the exact meaning of this word is "Most" or "Utmost," and that the Bolshevist docrine is—Grab 'all you can.

Watch Austria!

Everybody now knows that when we first used this phrase, Austria was making efforts for a separate peace. Now watch her again.

Stopford Bolts.

We are not surprised to learn that, alarmed by our recent disclosures, the man Stopford has bolted from the Carlton Hotel. If, however, the police wish to know his new address, we shall be happy to furnish it.

Home Rule.

So Mr. Shortt, the Irish Secretary, will devote his holiday to drafting yet another Home Rule Bill—a task which Mr. Walter Long recently abandoned. It can't be done—and that's the Long and the Shortt of it!

The Explanation.

The *Sheffield Independent* thinks that many people take JOHN BULL on the fleas and dogs principle—"a reasonable number of fleas being good for them, as they prevent them brooding on the fact that they *are* dogs." Does our contemporary mean that we make our readers forget that they are bulls?

Cant *In Excelsis*.

In a thin House, the Bill to legalise War Charity Lotteries was rejected by 4—a fair specimen of the opposition being furnished by the declaration of Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., that "it was a degrading and demoralising" measure. How long has the hon. and learned member been so staunch an opponent of "gambling"?

Ulster Arms.

If Sir Edward Carson is wise, he will advise his Ulster friends to hand over their arms to the Government.

"Where Is Laszlo?"

The answer to our recent question, to be precise, is—At a private nursing home, Number 20, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill.

That Urn.

Once upon a time the Kaiser presented Queen Victoria with a "solid gold urn"—which Her Majesty, by her will, bequeathed away from the Palace. We suggest that the present owner should have that urn assayed.

Thanks.

We really are getting very respectable! Even the *National Weekly* says we "are a sign and a portent," and that we "express in vigorous colloquial English the thoughts of a large section of the British community." We shall take the *N.W.* in future.

"Good Intentions."

To be charitable, we must assume that the Prime Minister was "talking through his hat" when he credited German statesmen with "good intentions" at the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. The kind of intentions that pave Hell was perhaps what he meant.

New Church Service Wanted.

Passing through London on Sunday, August 4th, we looked in at one of the Special War Services, at a famous Church, and, remaining to witness the christening of several children, we learnt that one of the objects of the ceremony was to cleanse them of their "sins"—poor little mites! We also learnt that all men are conceived in sin!

An Enlightened Cleric.

But what interested us most was the discovery, which we made in a subsequent chat with the Vicar, that, in common with many other ministers of the Church, he thought it time these anomalies were removed from the Prayer Book.

Our New Name.

We don't at all mind being called, by the *Stirling Journal*, "a wretched charlatan"—that is, we suppose, legitimate abuse. But we *do* object to being also described as "the cowardly attacker of the widow and the fatherless"; and if Stirling weren't so far away, we should have to ask our dear brother for another £500 damages.

Munition Factory Explosions.

We hear of more of these "accidents." And we suggest that the most stringent inquiry should be held.

Uniforms for Typists

Is it a fact that the Navy and Army Canteen Board is spending £25,000 on uniforms for its typists; and, if so, by whose authority?

Black Soldiers.

Mr. Balfour thinks that if Germany got her African Colonies back she would build up a huge native army. Well, we must do it instead

A Return Needed.

We should like to see an Act passed to compel all persons in this country to make a return of any investments held by them in enemy countries. Then we *should* learn something.

We Beg to Ask—

What Mr. "Stannard"—late Steinhardt—is doing in the most secret department of the War Office? And, by the way, where and in what capacity is Baron Bruno Schroeder's partner, Mr. Tyack, now engaged?

Winter Racing.

The Government will strike a terrible blow at the horsebreeding industry—and incidentally ruin many people and alienate many others—if it persists in its veto against a limited programme of winter sport.

A Cape Town Angelus.

The Mayor of Cape Town has instituted "a two minutes' pause for prayer" every day at noon gunfire—and silence is observed throughout the city and all traffic stopped. Other cities, please copy.

Peaceful Penetration.

Here is a pretty extract from the *Daily Chronicle*, of February 10th, 1910: "Fighting Fund for Free Trade.—To-day's list of subscriptions includes £100 from Sir Edgar Speyer, Bt.—the bearer of an honoured name alike in philanthropy and finance." An honoured name!

German Ruffians.

A Lewes lady reader—the wife of a Canadian who joined up in 1914—tells us that the other day a large batch of German prisoners passed her house, singing lustily their songs to the glory of the Fatherland, and asks "what would happen to British prisoners in Germany who went about singing 'Rule Britannia'?" Well, that would be their swan song.

One Bank's Bonus.

Bank servants may be pleased to hear that the staff of a provincial bank organised and signed a petition to the head, pointing to their slim salaries and big bills, the result being a bonus of 50 per cent. on the amount of their wages. If other bank clerks are moved to follow this example, we hope the outcome will be equally pleasant for all concerned.

Resurrected Spuds.

An advertisement announces a public auction, on August 2nd, of "200 tons of last year's potatoes, suitable for ordinary use"; this at the Grain Market, Belfast. It looks as if these potatoes have been held up, till now, with the new potatoes up and there being no pigs to finish off the stuff, they are to be put into the market for human consumption.

Puritanism Personified.

On 1st August a fête was held partly in the grounds of the Vicarage of Maiden Newton, and partly in an adjoining field, the proceeds being in aid of the V.A.D. Hospital, Dorchester. The fun was funereal. Nothing in the way of fêtes, in fact, could well have been more deadly dull, for the local parson would not allow a band lest it should encourage dancing, and upon anything in the way of theatrical performance he put his foot down with all the forceful firmness of a puritan parsonified. What a pity it was the fête could not be held elsewhere and the rev. gentleman ignored.

Festina Lente.

When good, quick workers are discovered in munition factories, they are sometimes not encouraged, but sacked. A woman went to work in Southampton. Having finished her first task, she asked for more, and was informed she "was doing too much by half." Each day she was kept compulsorily idle, waiting for material, but she capped all by returning to the shop five minutes too soon after breakfast. All the other women went on strike, and the firm paid her off. Her experience, we are afraid, was by no means an uncommon one.

Gas at Ripon.

In the course of the discussion on the resolution to authorise Sunday boating, proposed by Alderman Metcalfe in the Ripon City Council, a Mr. Kearsley made such a moral fuss against it that the proposal was rejected. Apparently the majority of the Council are such unco' guids that even if they had to cross the River Jordan in a boat on Sunday in order to get to Heaven, they would object to it. At the same meeting the Council developed high moral fervour in other directions—one in raising the price of gas from 3s. 4d. to 3s. 7d. per 1,000 feet, and the other in raising the salary of the Gas Manager £50 per annum. These are the sort of things to make hymns about.

Move On!

Messrs. Allhausen and Co. are wholesale furriers and skin merchants, and their place of business is in Carter Lane, E.C., next door to the Post Office Telegraphs, Engineers' Department. The partners are Fritz Philipp Johann Ramisch, a British subject; Anton Ramisch, a Bohemian; and Ernst August Andreas Louis Fritz Detlev Kabisch, a German subject, denationalised in 1891, and described as now located at Wenalt Camp, Carmarthen, on National Service Work. We venture to suggest that a concern of this sort, found next door to so important a Government office, should be politely asked to move

Invalided Out.

Among the forgotten in these days of widespread war bonuses are those invalided out of the Post Office. We have it that the plight of many of these men is deplorable. They have not more than £1 a week superannuation—worth about 6s. 8d. in a shop. One of them recently walked eighteen miles "there and back" in order to sell a few eggs by which he could obtain money "to get a bit of bread." It ought not to be a great feat of memory on the part of the Postmaster-General to remember their services.

A Bad Miss.

One would expect at least common courtesy towards nurses in uniform. Two of those ladies failed to meet with it at York. They arrived at the station at 3.50 in the early morn, and found they must wait till 7 o'clock for their train to Scotland. The third-class waiting room was crowded; the first-class one was closed. At the Station Hotel they asked permission to sit in the hall until breakfast time at 6 o'clock. It was refused. The management had the chance to be very civil, but made a bad miss of it.

School Fees, or Employment?

Large were the promises made in advertisements by the Motor Drivers Licensed Employment Bureau, "Licensed by the L.C.C.," 12, High Street, Fulham. Ladies were wanted as drivers for army and war work; every lady would release a man, and would be well paid. But a lady, a trained driver, discovered things were not quite as they seemed. The offer of her services brought a letter from the Palace School of Motoring and Licensed Employment Bureau: "We only guarantee positions to our own pupils." We do not appreciate selling a course of training camouflaged as an offer of employment.

Greenock Guardians Won't Help.

Mrs.—but on second thoughts we won't mention her name and address—is a widow with four young children. She is able to work while work is to be had, but she cannot "get out the whole time." One of her children is a cripple and another a baby of 18 months—so she has to wait till her eldest child, aged 8, comes home from school before she can "go out to do anything." These being her circumstances, she applied to the Greenock Guardians. "They tell me," she says, "to go to my father or my late husband's father, and I don't think it right, as they are both old men and have enough to do to keep themselves." The refusal of relief needs adequate explanation, if it is not to merit severe condemnation.

Undesirable Camouflage.

One of the most astonishing ingenuities of the camouflageous Hun, as we know him in the pursuits of peace, reveals itself in some alleged sacking he has begun to use as covering for the parcels he sends to his breed interned in this country. The warp is cotton waste; the weft narrow strips of thin, but strong, paper ribbon—artfully rolled lengthwise in resemblance of ordinary strands. It is possible to write almost any message, even of great length, on this paper weft before it is rolled, and equally as easy to withdraw it strand by strand and read what is written there. Similarly, forbidden or dangerous messages, by using the material again for sending parcels into Germhuny, may get out of this country. The sample of the stuff before us was sent to the Germhun prisoners' camp in the Isle of Man.

Croydonistic.

From the pages of a Croydon newspaper we learn that the local Tribunal has exempted for six months a man who "made sauce and pickles (among others) for German prisoners." What a fine prospect for a man who supplies 'em with jam! He ought to have exemption till the end of the war and six months after.

Her Little Business.

She lives in a Kentish village, and is making a brave struggle to live. Her husband, a builder, died in the second year of war, leaving her with two small children. One of the workmen carried on the trade for her, and she was paying her way when the man was called up. It seems she cannot be helped under the Civil Liabilities Scheme. Truly is the war hard upon the widow and the fatherless!

The Taverner Frauds.

Now that its rascally founder, William Taverner, has gone to prison for his gross frauds upon the public, which we were instrumental in bringing to light, it will be interesting to watch developments in connection with the Middle Age Pension Friendly Society, of which the Rev. William Mayo, of Bristol, is the Honorary President. Ever since Taverner's trial, the Society has continued to distribute its literature. Mr. Mayo should watch his step.

A Grave Indictment.

A sinister report reaches us, pointing to gross carelessness in the handling of explosives at a National Shell Filling Factory in the Midlands. Everything is said to be sacrificed to speed, the commonest precautions for the safety of the employees being habitually ignored. Scandalous instances of this neglect are given. As a matter of fact, the factory in question has already been the scene of several serious explosions, a circumstance lending additional weight to this grave indictment of the methods in vogue.

D.O.R.A. Dosy.

What's the matter with D.O.R.A.? Here is the No Conscription Fellowship, Edward Grubb, M.A., Secretary, still sending through the post over the imprint of the Pelican Press, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C. 4, a touting circular. "I venture again to approach you with regard to financial help for the No Conscription Fellowship, which is urgently in need of funds at the present time," it opens. The gang which run this concern is obviously a menace to recruiting and therefore a menace to the country. Hasn't the Public Prosecutor heard of it, or has he gone for a long walk to commune with the moon?

Philosophy and Treason.

The philosophical society known as the "Mind Association" is what our Yankee friends would call a "high brow" concern. Among the members is Bertrand Russell, who has twice been convicted and once sent to prison for acts calculated to assist the Germhuns. At a recent meeting of the Association, a resolution was moved which, if carried, would have had the effect of expelling him, but we have it on the authority of one who was present that "with the exception of the mover and seconder, the meeting was unanimously in favour of the traitor." It looks as though the Association might afford Lord Haldane comfortable lodgings during his enforced exile from his "spiritual home."

The Cave-in Policy.

Complaint comes that there are a large number of dubious aliens resident in the neighbourhood of the Euston railway terminus, many of them in premises owned by the London and North-Western Railway Company. It is stated that one of these gentry was recently released from internment at the Alexandra Palace to resume his business in St. Pancras. For this sort of foolery there is no conceivable excuse.

Passports Refused.

The denial of passports to women who wish to travel is productive of much hardship. Here is a widow who sold up her home, thinking to join son and daughter in New Zealand, taking also her son's betrothed. The son, after 18 months' fighting, was invalided out, has taken a farm to provide for his mother's old age, and has paid her fare. But the passport difficulty intervenes, "the conditions not being modified in any way." Is it not unfeeling so to separate this family?

Saved by the Hun.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Just as the Hun destroyed the prosperity of Ramsgate, Margate and Broadstairs, so now is he restoring it again. Germhun officer-prisoners-of-war were interned in the midst. They at once wrote home to say they didn't like night alarums—since when there has been practically nothing doing from the skies. If there is one thing the Germhun militarists want to avoid more than another, it is being dosed with pills made in Germhuny.

Burgled or Bashed?

"It is cruel the way soldiers' parcels are broken about," says one poor woman in Eastville. "I've a son in France, and last week sent him a box. It reached him on Sunday, all smashed and not a crumb left in it. It cost me 8s. 7½d., and we had to go without things ourselves to do it." That is a far too common complaint.

Small Shop and Large.

The small tobacconist, like the small grocer, is being hard hit. There is no apparent lack of supplies in the shops of the Tobacco Trusts: but to the widow and the discharged soldier, who have at least as much right to live, supplies are rationed with a conscientious zeal and rigidity. There is something very far from what is fair in the incidence of this tobacco rationing

A Harsh Refusal.

A widowed mother at Dewsbury makes a pathetic protest. Before the war, her son, since killed in action, was a member of the Wellington Colliers' Union, and it was understood that in the event of his death on active service the family would receive a "benefit" of £10. At the same time, it appears, a new rule was framed requiring fighting members or their dependents to contribute a special war levy of a penny a week. Unfortunately, the widow seems never to have been informed of this regulation, and now, when she asks for the £10, of which she is sorely in need, she is told that she cannot have the money because the pennies have not been paid. Is there no more generous alternative?

Germans on the Coast.

Why are Germans still allowed to own and occupy land on the East coast near a certain aerodrome? As the farmers' sons and agricultural labourers in the neighbourhood get called up their places are being taken by Germans, who are able at the same time to seize the jobs of our fighting men and indulge in spying.

Pity the Poor!

Of your charity spare a tear of compassion for the Wesleyan and General Assurance Society, which, with the best will in the world, cannot afford a War Bonus for its hard-worked agents. It is true that at the last valuation the Accumulated Funds amounted to £3,108,490, while, according to the latest Annual Report, the Total Income from Premiums and Interest showed an increase of £31,671. We might almost be tempted to think that the Society might squeeze out a few shillings a week for the agents.

Stupid Officialism.

The owner of a shop at Worthing spent over £30 in making the premises suitable for a tenant to open a new business. The tenant had failed to provide himself with a licence as required by "Dora," and in consequence he was given summary notice to quit by the Ministry of National Service. Finally, to the chagrin of his former landlord, who had thus lost a valuable tenant, the evicted shopkeeper was given permission to open an exactly similar business further down the street. For this Bedlamism no excuse has been offered.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Having more than once broached the matter to Lord Newton, but without avail, I venture to appeal directly to you on behalf of British prisoners in the hands of the Turks. Surely you cannot contemplate leaving these gallant fellows to their cruel fate without a determined effort to ameliorate their condition? I am by no means convinced that an agreement with Turkey, similar to that recently concluded with Germany, is out of the question. The matter is one of desperate urgency. JOHN BULL.

To Bailie Oliver Early, Southern Police Court, Glasgow.

—DEAR BAILIE,—It appears that highway robbery is a cheap sport in Glasgow. I am thinking of the case in which two young wastrels, Andrew Irvine and George White by name, waylaid a drunken man, relieving him of his money and of his watch and chain. For this trifling escapade the robbers were fined three guineas, although I see you allowed them the "option" of 20 days' imprisonment. Did you trouble the rascals to hand over the booty?

JOHN BULL.

To Charles E. Crocker, Esq., General Secretary, United Patriots' National Benefit Society.

SIR,—Don't you think it is rather hard on your old members to turn them out at the age of 70? It appears that you do this by virtue of a new Rule adopted in 1915, but it doesn't look to me like a square deal. One poor old fellow treated in this way informs me that he has regularly paid his subscription for more than forty years. "You will not after your 70th birthday," you now tell him, "be entitled to receive any further Sickness Benefit, but your membership in the Society will not otherwise be affected, and you will be at liberty to continue contributing to the Funeral Fund as heretofore." Chilly comfort that!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—If I were back in Parliament I should be inclined to ask you for a Return of the Honours granted to officers and men of the Navy since the beginning of the war. For instance, it occurs to me, on glancing over the Zeebrugge list, that the Engineering Branch has been badly overlooked. Yet, surely the heroism of the engine-room must have been equal to any displayed elsewhere. Look into the matter, please. JOHN BULL.

To A. W. Haynes, Esq., Mayor of Swindon.

WORSHIPFUL SIR,—Having come to the conclusion that 2nd Lieut. James Morris had committed "an entirely unprovoked assault" on a girl not yet fifteen years old, you fined him £2 and costs. The same day a lance-corporal of the Military Foot Police was accused of taking a pennyworth of milk from a churn and using it in the mess-room. You made him pay 24s. costs and bound him over for six months. Now, sir, here you had a peculiarly brutal assault and a quite trivial offence, and considering the station of the two men you have really punished the second more heavily than the first! JOHN BULL.

To the Clerk to the Guardians, Bermondsey.

DEAR MR. CLERK,—I gather that the Board's accounts reveal a purchase of 50 lbs. of strawberries and four dozen bananas, as well as "fruit and other vegetables," at a cost of 16s., and that a member was anxious to know who had consumed the table delicacies—inmates or officers. The reply was that "the inmates got a lot of it," but I hae na doots about them being regaled with strawberries and bananas to celebrate the war, while the officers and Guardians watched 'em in a noble spirit of gastronomic self-sacrifice. I should like to have the truth, please—at any rate, as much of it as can conveniently be spared. JOHN BULL.

To Superintendent Isaiah Fuller, Norfolk County Police.

DEAR ISAIAH,—Not long ago you served a certain individual with a subpœna to attend and give evidence at the Blofield Police Court. However, when he got into the witness-box he knew nothing whatever about the case, and clearly ought never to have been dragged into it. This being so, the witness was asked to stand down, with no compensation for his loss of time. It would have been better if you had been asked to stand up and explain this bit of foolery. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Thursfield, J.P., Kenilworth Divisional Sessions.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Who is Johan Maurits Schaulte? And why did you fine him only £1 1s. for showing a bright uncovered light at 11.20 p.m. from a bedroom window at his house near Coventry? Neither the defendant nor his wife troubled to attend. You were surprised at that. You were told they were naturalised Germans. You were aware that Schaulte is a Coventry manufacturer. You know munitions are made at Coventry, in the direction of which the light pointed. And yet—one guinea fine, and that's the end of it. Oh, Doctor! JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Colne Valley Water Company, Bushey.

SIR,—A soldier's wife tells me that, after having paid rent and her absent husband's insurance, she has only 10s. left out of her Civil Liabilities grant. This she sent to your Company, on account of the quarter's water charges, explaining that she would pay the balance as soon as possible, "which she hoped would be at the end of this week or beginning of next." The Company's answer to that letter, she assures me, was to send a man to cut off her water supply. Considering that this is the first time she has been in arrears, there can be nobody who will not regard the Company's action in the matter as scandalous. JOHN BULL.

INTERNMENT CAMP SCANDAL.

WHAT THE HOME OFFICE DOES NOT CHOOSE TO KNOW.

IT is really time the whole question of the treatment of the Hun in the internment camps of this country was inquired into. We know that, as a rule, Government inquiries are merely devices for burking the truth and heading off criticism. But this matter of the internment camps is one which has excited so much indignation that the only way to satisfy public feeling and to bring the is by an open investigation. There is a mass of information on our files concerning the improper and unfair privileges accorded the Hun. Wherever officialdom comes up against the enemy in our midst, there you will find incredible softness and a deliberate denial of the force of public opinion. Our revelations in regard to the Lofthouse internment camp are typical of the "most-favoured-nation" treatment of the Hun. Anyone would think that we interned these enemy aliens for their own benefit and comfort, instead of putting them under lock and key for the good of the State and the safety of the realm.

Take the case of Baron Nettlebladt. We stated the other day that this notorious spy, well known to the police as such, had been allowed to leave the Lofthouse internment camp and to stay the night at an hotel in Leeds. A question on the subject was put to the Home Secretary. Sir George Cave professed complete ignorance on the point, and declared that so far as the Home Office was concerned no such privilege had ever been granted. We reiterate our assertion that this spy has been allowed his liberty—the entry in the hotel register should be sufficient evidence—and that someone with a cruel disregard for the safety of the country has taken the risk of allowing this dangerous man to roam at large. He tried to get naturalised on the outbreak of war, but those whom he asked to stand sponsors were neither Balfours nor Curzons. We were the first to state that the traitor Laszlo had been released and was in a nursing home. That fact is now admitted by the Home Office. Will the authorities now deny that Nettlebladt has been released?—for surely it is someone's business to test the truth or falsity of our statement. If our information is correct—and we have no reason to doubt it—this man, whose record is worse than that of the Society portrait painter vouched for by the Foreign Secretary and Lord Curzon, has been able to shake the dust of the Lofthouse internment camp from his feet. Who gave authority for this scandalous outrage? Is it the same Home Office official who ordered special privileges for visits to von Plessen—Mrs. Leverton Harris's "half-English boy," who was so English that he was caught on his way to join the German Army?

We repeat that the whole question of the control, or want of control, of the interned Hun should be the subject of a full and open inquiry. It is infamous that while our gallant fellows are living in loathsome surroundings and under conditions often of torture worse than death in German camps, these creatures of a bestial and brutal race should be treated with cynical leniency by the authorities and even allowed, as in the case cited by the wife of a Canadian soldier on another page, to offend patriotic ears by singing their raucous national songs openly in this country. If that happened in Germany, the English lads who did it would be ruthlessly shot down. And, talking of shooting, that inquest on the German killed at Handforth Camp, Chester, reveals a condition of things which justifies all we have said, and emphasises the need for a complete change in the system under which the enemy is interned. Here we have the case of an insolent Hun who died from a gunshot wound inflicted accidentally. What were the circumstances? This man, Wilhelm Schmidt—if he had managed to remain at large he would long ago have been good old English William Smith—went up to a sentry, asked for cigarettes, and called him an offensive name. Three times he was told to go away, and three times he refused. Then the sentry, to frighten this hound, *loaded his rifle*, which went off accidentally, and Schmidt died of the wound thus received. It was given in evidence that the "wire was not strong, and the fence could easily be climbed." Yet the sentry was on duty with his rifle unloaded. As a matter of fact, he would have been quite justified in shooting this creature at sight. An English civilian is not allowed to speak to a soldier on sentry duty, yet these Huns seem to be able to do just as they please. What, in the name of common-sense, does it all mean? Are these internment camps a joke, or are they grim reality? Anyone would imagine that the intention of putting the Hun behind barbed wire was to keep him there, prevent him communicating with the outside world, and, above all, make it impossible for him to escape. Yet in an important camp, at a most vulnerable point, not only do the sentries go on guard with unloaded rifles, but the whole place is so flimsily protected that escape is the easiest thing in the world! Really, it makes one wonder whether the Home Office isn't an adjunct of Potsdam. But how can one be surprised at anything when the wife of one of His Majesty's Ministers demands and secures special privileges to visit some of these hated Huns in one of the most important internment camps of the country, and one of these creatures—a spy well known to the police—is allowed surreptitiously to leave the camp? And, of course, the Home Office knows nothing about it!

A PREVENTABLE TRAGEDY.

AIRMEN DROWNED IN SIGHT OF SUCCOUR.

A few weeks ago a British airship fatality occurred off the Scottish coast, five miles from Dunbar. It was a sad and costly business. Five members of the gallant crew met their deaths by drowning. Worse than all, our information is that this loss of life might easily have been averted. As a matter of fact, the scene of the accident was within sight of a National Lifeboat Station, under the control of a resident coxswain. If all concerned had been alive to their duty, this circumstance might have proved the salvation of the airship crew. True, there was no lifeboat crew in readiness, but if prompt directions had been given, experienced volunteers would have gladly manned the boat, or a crew might have been sent from Dunbar.

There was ample time. For nearly two hours the doomed airmen struggled with the cruel waters; yet the Skateraw lifeboat was never sent to their assistance, and when finally naval help arrived, five of the airship crew were beyond the reach of succour. We hesitate to pronounce judgment. Clearly the matter is one for full official inquiry. Apparently it was the duty of the coxswain at Skateraw to telephone to Dunbar for instructions. What was the message received in reply? Who was responsible for the fatal decision to "leave it to the Navy"? These questions must be answered. A touch of bitter irony completes the tragic picture. On the afternoon following this early morning fatality, the Skateraw lifeboat was gaily decorated for some festive occasion, the while the naval patrols were dragging the ocean for the dead! Such an episode cannot be passed over in silence. Pending official inquiry, the National Lifeboat Institution may desire to be heard in its own defence.

BASE PROFITEERING.

UNSOUND FOOD FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN.

No form of profiteering is more obnoxious than that which "takes it out" of men who are serving their country in circumstances of hardship and peril. From Cardiff comes a detailed letter of complaint signed by a skipper and representatives of all ratings of his crew, the vessel being engaged in carrying patent fuel to France. Briefly, their allegation is that in regard to the provisioning of the ship they have been very badly victimised by a local contractor. It appears that in the revictualling of vessels on war service, it is the practice of some of the tradesmen to delay the delivery of stores until the last moment, when it is too late for any effective protest to be lodged. This complaint of the Welsh skipper and his crew is not confined to any single class of provisions—meat, fish, vegetables, bread, all were of the poorest quality and in a condition which would have effectually prevented their sale on shore. The butcher's meat, we are told, was "soft, flabby, dirty, and parts near the bone green." The fish had "a horrid smell," and two boxes of kippers were "quite mouldy in the middle layers." The potatoes are described as of "very inferior quality," while even the bread "had a sour smell and appeared to be insufficiently baked."

For most of the voyage the unfortunate crew had to subsist upon tinned foods carried for emergency use, the bulk of the "fresh" victuals having to be "buried at sea." Evidently a gross fraud had been perpetrated in circumstances pointing to a complete lack of effective supervision. If the authorities are interested, we shall be glad to furnish the name of the contractor through whose single agency most of this unsound food seems to have been supplied.

TUPPENNY TYRANNY.

PRUSSIAN POLICEMEN IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Two citizens of Coventry, where they have lived for ten years, were out cycling early on a Sunday morning. Their purpose was to gather mushrooms. At 6.30 a.m. they arrived at a field with an unlocked gate, and without any notice anent trespassing. They entered the field, leaving their bicycles without, and gathered 3 lbs. of the fungi. On returning towards the road they were accosted by two county policemen. Names and addresses were noted down from private letters in possession of the "culprits," who were then taken before the farmer. At the farm they were detained an hour, bombarded with abuse, and accused, most unjustly, of being strikers. Given formally into custody by the farmer, they were actually handcuffed together, and driven five miles to the Bedworth police-station in a trap. Having surrendered all articles in their possession they were asked to provide bail, and gave a name and address. This was at 10 a.m. Not until 6.30 that evening was the person mentioned communicated with. For nearly nine hours these two plain citizens were kept in the cells, and fed on prison food, though they offered to pay for proper meals.

On the Tuesday following they appeared at the County Hall and were fined 17s. 3d. in all. Protest being made against the harsh treatment they had received, a police officer afterwards told one of them he was a damned fool, that he ought to be in the Army, and that if they were caught again he would make matters more severe for them. Now this sort of thing won't do. The offence was at worst a trifling one. The conduct of the police was outrageous. We want to hear that the officers implicated have been severely dealt with.

LANSDOWNE'S PEACE PIPE—

And John Bull's Hose-pipe!

A RUTHLESS WRONG.

PATRIOTIC FAMILY CRUELLY EVICTED.

A local journal records the fact that at the Sandwich Police Court, before three Magistrates —Mr. G. F. Raggett in the Chair—an Ejectment Order was granted against Mr. T. G. May, of 37, Strand Street, "the house being required for an employee at the Tannery." Behind this bald announcement lies a painful story of hardship and injustice. What had happened, it appears, was this. In order to extend the office premises of the Eastry District Food Control Committee, it had been found necessary to take over the cottage occupied by the "employee at the Tannery," and in order that this individual might be near his work it was important to find rooms for him in the neighbourhood. If this arrangement was to be carried through somebody must suffer, for vacant houses in the Sandwich district are as scarce as blackberries in June. Finally, it was decided to dispossess Mr. May and his family.

There was nothing against these people. On the contrary, there was a whole lot in their favour. They were good tenants; their rent was paid up-to-date; for eleven years they had occupied their little home in respectability and comfort. Moreover, the Mays had an excellent family record of service to King and Country. One of the sons, a member of the crew of the *Saucy Arethusa*, had met his death on active service. There was another boy in the Navy, and a daughter in the W.A.A.C.s. As it happened, the lad from the Fleet was home on leave when the Ejectment Warrant was granted. He was compelled to stand by and watch the police turning the household furniture into the street. In vain the boy spent the remainder of his leave searching for another house to shelter his parents and their two younger children—one a baby. It was useless. Finally, Mr. May had to give up his work at Sandwich, and the family have now migrated to Ramsgate, where it is to be hoped their bitter luck may turn. Surely the Food Control Committee might have obtained the accommodation needed without this ruthless encroachment upon a loyal British home!

MIND YOUR TEETH!

UNSCRUPULOUS ALIEN'S AMAZING CAREER.

Among aliens of dubious origin who have conducted shady businesses in this hospitable land, a prominent place must be assigned to Mr. Joseph Leo Rosenschein. From the "Business Names Register" it appears that Rosenschein is an American citizen, and has lately changed his name to Joseph A. Sin David. Under the name he was born with, Rosenschein has a rascally record, his principal exploits having been in the quack dentistry line. Originally it was in connection with the Hygienic Institute, Limited, that we exposed the shady practices of this alien adventurer. At one time there were as many as 57 branches of this concern in various parts of the country, carrying on cheap dental businesses, the promoters being constantly exposed to actions for damages by persons whom they had injured or defrauded. However, Rosenschein was not easily caught. Although in the aggregate an extensive business was done, the effect of organising the swindle through a number of small companies with little or no capital was that these claims for damages could be evaded.

This lively ramp is still in full swing. Among the concerns falling under suspicion are certain dental businesses in which the name of "Rose" appears—Rose's Dental Surgery, Shepherd's Bush, W.; and Henry Rose, Ltd., of Edgware Road, W., and Lewisham, S.E. Other concerns to which equal objection must be taken are Day's Dental Surgeries at Woolwich, Clapham and Peckham; W. J. Metin's of Camberwell; and the Modern Trading Co., Berners Street, W., of which Rosenschein, under his new name of Sin David, is registered as sole proprietor. The public cannot be too strongly warned to avoid all dealings with Rosenschein and his agents. Not only are their methods of house-to-house canvassing open to the gravest objection on the ground of fraud and misrepresentation, but in many instances patients have suffered severe and lasting injury through the unskilled manipulation of "operators" with no proper dental qualifications or knowledge.

CRANKS OF CARLISLE.

ARTFUL FAKING OF A VALUELESS VOTE.

Leicester having wangled a mock vote by teetotalers on the question of prohibition, its unworthy example is to be followed by Carlisle. A special meeting of the temperance party was held recently, the teetotal Mayor being in the Chair, at which it was decided to take a "town's vote" on the question of absolute prohibition during the war and demobilisation. Voting papers are to be printed and issued to everybody over 18—a shameful waste of paper, deserving severe penalties. No doubt the figures will pan out in favour of the organised water-swillers, for all the faddists will vote. Girls of 18 will record their experienced opinions, but the workers will ignore the scheme and the service men will be abroad on their country's business, so the result will be valueless.

WAMPACH—THE "INDISCREET."

FOLKESTONE BENCH'S RIDICULOUS DECISION.

If you happen to be not only the proprietor of a big hotel but a Town Councilor, and a naturalised German to boot, you can do things for which an ordinary unlicensed British-born citizen would get into serious trouble, and even into "choky." That is the only inference to be drawn from the absurdly lenient treatment accorded to Charles Constant Wampach, of Folkestone. What was this pleasant gentleman's offence? He was charged with possessing a code, and inciting an American soldier to use a cypher for conveying military information. In all conscience that is a crime serious enough in these times of war to bring down upon the offender the heavy hand of the law. We have known cases where soldiers have been severely punished for indicating in letters home the whereabouts of their unit. But you must be a Wampach if you want to drink of the cup of mercy full to the brim and flowing over. This naturalised German told the Bench that he had no intention of transgressing the Defence of the Realm Act—did you ever know a naturalised German who meant any wrong?—and so these *jejune* J.P.s dismissed the case, having convinced themselves that Wampach had only been indiscreet!—the sort of indiscretion, evidently, which is nine points of the law!

HUNS IN IRISH CLOTHING.

DESPICABLE DEED OF PRO-GERMAN COWARDS.

A sorry story was recently disclosed in an unexpected quarter. The Cavan County Council appealed against a decision of the County Court Judge at Bailieboro', awarding £60 compensation to one Philip O'Reilly, administrator of the estate of the late Sergeant O'Reilly. The Sergeant was captured by the Huns in the retreat from Mons, held prisoner for three years in the Germahun camp where Sir Roger Casement carried on his treacherous propaganda, and, released, eventually died in a London hospital. While in Ireland he gave to a newspaper an interview in which he stated that when the Irish prisoners could not be induced to desert their comrades, they were subjected to torture and slowly starved. This interview aroused resentment among a certain disloyal class in the district; cowardly and treacherous ruffians burnt down his little homestead, practically every stick and stone of it, and left him, after all his privations and in his last battle with "the grey shadow," shelterless in the world. No wonder that, in dismissing the appeal, Mr. Justice Gibson should comment on this infamous outrage with stern and stinging words. "It made him sick," he said, "to think that persons calling themselves Irishmen should be guilty of such conduct, and the country ought to be ashamed of them." Oh, for the day when Ireland, one in heart and hope with the rest of us, will have turned away for ever from such incidents of her long record!

WE BREA[TH]

The Premier's Chance—Justice for the [Gold]

By THE [DI]

I AM glad to turn away from the unsavoury topics of the past few weeks to cleaner and more wholesome things. I leave Mr. Leverton Harris to ponder, during the Recess, over those ethics of public life which permit him, in face of my definite and grave charges, to remain a Minister of the Crown. And I leave Mrs. Leverton Harris and the Princess Loewenstein free to pay a round of visits to their friends and *protégés* in German prisoners' camps. The two moral degenerates whom I have exposed, I leave to the Army authorities and the police. And, by way of a change, I propose to have a chat about the war

We Breathe Again.

I think that heading sums it up. It is always difficult for a journal which of necessity goes to press some days in advance of publication, to speak with any degree of certainty about such a kaleidoscopic subject as this war—in which the entire situation may change in a day, or in connection with which some event may occur totally changing one's point of view. Do you remember that remarkable instance of the death of Lord Kitchener? I had written an article—"Hands Off Kitchener"—(knowing the conspiracy which was being hatched against him), and the day before it appeared he had lost his life. It has always been a source of real gratification to me to remember that I was privileged to pen that last tribute to the great man, whilst he yet lived; but the incident illustrates the importance of weighing carefully one's words when dealing with an ever-moving drama like this war. And yet I "feel it in my bones" this week that, at last, the tide has turned. Whilst never for a moment losing faith in the final triumph of our cause, I confess that when the fate of Paris and the Coast was hanging in the balance I feared that if they fell, the catastrophe would inflict such a shock to the *moral* of the Allies as would render them amenable to the plea of the politicians for some other policy than that of the knock-out blow. And how near they were to falling perhaps we may never know. To-day—praise God and our soldiers—the peril appears to have passed, although much bitter, terrible fighting may yet be in store. But the second battle of the Marne and this new offensive of Haig's have put heart into us all; and with Japan coming to the rescue in Russia, it really does begin to look as though the worst was over—doesn't it? I know we're a long way from Berlin, and that crossing the Rhine may not be an easy job; but I'm not sure that we haven't already accomplished one or two things almost as difficult—whilst every day is adding to the efficiency and terror of our armaments and equipment. And now that the Talking Shop is closed and the tongues of the Parliamentary Pacifists are at rest, and Foch and Haig are free from these embarrassments, let us hope it will be plain sailing till Parliament meets again—or is dissolved. The real danger now is that while we shall win the war, we may lose the Peace. And that is why I want the Prime Minister, as soon as possible and practicable after the new Register of Voters is completed, to go to the country on a definite War issue, as I explained in the *Sunday Pictorial*, and ask for a mandate to continue fighting till Germany is brought to the ground.

The Premier's Chance.

I am no sycophantic worshipper of Mr. Lloyd George. I don't know that I regard him as a particularly great man. He is too conventional in outlook—too emotional in temperament—too lacking in self-confidence and independent initiative. His childlike reliance upon the Lord Chief Justice in every difficulty and emergency is an illustration. But every man, we are told, has the defects of his qualities—and he is, at the moment, the only man whom our political system can produce for the job. And he is clever, and shrewd, and very human, and, above all, very earnest and thorough. But he is overweighted and handicapped by an army of "dud" colleagues—whom he was forced to placate by office in order to establish the smooth working of his Ministry. And, in addition, he is being constantly harried and harassed by the Pacifist, and the puritanical nonconformist rump of the old Radical party. Well, now is his opportunity to get rid of the lot of them. Let him put before the people a plain statement of what he stands for in this war—avoiding every other topic—and ask authority to form a new Government, confined to members who subscribe to every item of such policy; and, if it be sound and ring true, he will get all the Parliamentary majority he requires. But we want no platitudes about "Holding Fast," and all the rest of it. The people will hold fast enough—as they have done all through; whilst the politicians have held fast—to their posts and their salaries. Tell us that in no circumstances of any kind shall Germany have back her Colonies; that we will have no trade or truck with her after the war; that every German element shall be removed from the Court, the Privy Council, from Parliament and the Public Departments; and, above all, that Germany shall be made to pay back to us every penny the war has cost. If she can't pay in cash, she must pay in kind. I wish the little Welshman would let me write his election manifesto. I would guarantee to sweep the country with it!

When the Boys Come Home.

And when we *do* reach "the end of the war"—that happy finish for which our boys are fighting with the courage of lions and the strength of giants—what is to be the England to which they return laurel-crowned? They are fighting the Hun at the Front, and they will win a glorious victory—we are fighting the Hun at home and all the influences which support him. Shall we, too, be able to record a splendid triumph? I doubt it, unless we use the big fist and deliver smashing blows at the ruling powers. We have heard a lot of late about alien enemies, and the Cabinet has made loud-sounding professions of a sincere desire to rid us of them. But on every side I see influences at work which are seeking to make it possible for the German to recapture the trade he has lost by the war—to re-establish himself in our midst, to own property, to run businesses, and generally to regain a hold on the social and commercial life of Great Britain. If I know the character and spirit of Tommy—and I have means of learning and understanding that no politician can boast—then I say there will be sanguinary trouble when the boys come home unless we have made the country clean and wholesome for them to live in.

What's Haldane Up To?

We hear a great deal of Reconstruction, and all sorts of schemes are on foot—Government schemes and private plans for resettlement after the war. I mistrust them all—or most of them—and I mistrust particularly anything in which the ineffable Lord Haldane has a hand. What I want to know—and Tommy and Jack are asking—is, What has this lawyer-peer, who lives on a fat fortune made at the Bar and a princely pension as ex-Lord Chancellor, done that we should trust him in any way? Before the war he was a lick-spittle of everything German—that land of bestial swine and Hohenzollern hogs he claimed as his "spiritual home." He lulled the country into a false sense of security before the war. He told lies, knowing the truth all the time; he pretended that the Kaiser was a man of peace and that Germany was a country flowing with the milk of human kindness. Yet all the while he knew that the Hun meant war and death, and he was fool or knave enough to keep the nation in the darkness of ignorance. If there is one man in England who has the blood of this awful conflict on his head, that man is Lord Haldane. Yet the Government flouts public opinion, derides the deep-rooted resentment of the people and permits this recreant peer to palter with some of the great problems which must be faced and settled if Britain after the war is to be made a worthy abiding-place for those who have fought for it. I don't know what Lord Haldane is doing—some mischief, I'll be bound—but if he is concerned in any way with the business of routing out the Hun and making dear Old England sweet for the fighting man to live in, then I say the Prime Minister would be acting not only in the national interest, but in his own as well, if he cleared Lord Haldane out of the public life of this country, and sent him, along with Malvy, to San Sebastian. Would to God we had more of the grit and method of the French! They have acted like men and like statesmen. They

HE AGAIN!

oldier's Wife—What's Haldane Up To?

DITOR.

have shot down the traitors, swept the stables of the State free of the pro-German filth which polluted them, and, where they could not execute or imprison, have banished. It would do much to hearten the soldier and the sailor—to put a new spirit and determination into the men of the Fleet and the Army—if one or two of the miscreants who allowed us to be surprised into this war were brought to trial and made to feel the full force of public indignation and of outraged Justice.

The Wife of the Fighting Man.

Parliamentary rhetoric and platform spoutings are all very well. Even Prime Ministerial messages in theatres and music-halls may have some effect; personally, I would have preferred that that message to the nation had come from the Constitutional and not the Political head of it. But fine words butter no parsnips—actions speak louder than words; and the man who is to-day so gloriously getting the enemy on the run wants to be assured that this country will show its gratitude in the only real way—by looking after the wife and bairns, while he is looking after the Hun, and by assuring him of a welcome home that shall not end with speeches and flag-waving, but will secure him his rightful place in the country he has fought and suffered for. I confess I am disgusted with the meanness of the Government in dealing with the soldier's dependents. As for Mr. H. W. Forster, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, I should like to have the opportunity of telling his constituents what I think of him, when he has to face the ordeal of the General Election. This smooth-tongued gentleman, who used to be a good cricketer and a sportsman, dares to tell us that one good reason for keeping down the separation allowance is that "the Government do not think it right to encourage a standard of living which is at too high a level." Too high a level on 12s. 6d. a week! Ye gods! Fancy maintaining a home on 12s. 6d.—equal to-day, with prices what they are, to a pre-war 5s.; just about the price of Mr. H. W. Forster's after-dinner cigar! And listen to this: "The Government, full of sympathy and proud of the way in which the wives and families of our fighters were bearing the daily burden of anxiety, had to hold the balance between sympathy for them and the guardianship of the public purse." Was there ever such nauseous insincerity? Really, I wonder sometimes where Ministers keep their hearts—whether they really have any bowels of compassion. The profiteer goes on profiteering, the great contractors are making their millions, the shipowners and the munition manufacturers are sick with the gorge of money. But the poor wife of the fighting man must be kept down—to increase her miserable pittance might "encourage a standard of living which is at too high a level"—and, after all, they must remember their solemn duty as "guardians of the public purse."

Penalising the Soldier's Family.

I tell the Cabinet that that sort of rot and humbug won't do. Men must fight and women must suffer—suffer the worst of all pangs, the pangs of anxiety and fear. Is it not enough that the husband should be compelled to give up home and business to face the foe? Must the wife face the foe of hunger and the anxiety of the empty purse? If wives who are in a position to do so choose to work, that is their affair, but to stint the State allowance to force them to work is a scandal. The soldier has a right to demand that his wife and children shall be maintained at the standard of living he provided for them. Yet—would you believe it?—under the new and "generous" scale of the War Office a woman is penalised if she has more than one child. Every day prosperous ladies and Welfare women are preaching the duty of having large families, prating of making good the ravages of the war, and all that sort of stuff; yet—what do you think, you who do not need to live on the doles of the State, is given to the anxious mother trying to keep the home going and the children happy while the man is at the war? To-day the wife with one child is in receipt of 19s. 6d. a week—enough on which toset up a disgustingly "high standard of living," isn't it? From October 1st next she is supposed to get another 2s. 6d., making the extravagant total of 22s. a week. But if she has been "indiscreet" enough to have more than one child, then she will get 4s. 6d., and if she has four or eight or ten children she will get only the same paltry amount for the lot! What sense is there in such a proposal? There is cruel, stupid, callous injustice, but not an atom of kindness or common-sense. Evidently the War Office goes on the principle of penalising the man with his quiver full; and assumes that the more children you possess, the less money you need for their support. We hear a good deal about red tape—this is red rot, and if the splendid wives of the fighting men know their power, they will exercise it at the General Election. I don t want to touch on the moral aspect of this miserable parsimony, but it is incontrovertible that some decent women have solved the problem forced upon them by the "guardians of the public purse" in a way which has brought bitterness of heart to their fighing men. And, Heaven knows, there are temptations enough, now that "the man" is at war, without adding to them by such miserable State meanness.

Tommy and the Land.

But while I am determined to stand up for the dependents of Tommy while he is risking his life for eighteenpence a day, I am no less resolved to stand as trustee for the future, and to see that he is not robbed of the things he is fighting for. And one of the things is the soil of Old England. Of course it is rank nonsense to talk of putting Tom, Dick and Harry on the land. Tom has been a farm labourer—the scent of the soil is in his nostrils, he knows and loves the land. But Dick and Harry are town birds—they could never make a living by gathering the fruits of Mother Earth; they would starve on the richest soil and would become a burden instead of a credit to the State. But for the man who understands and wants a place on the land, the means of becoming an occupying owner should be ready and free to his hand. Very soon I may have a scheme of my own to put forward. And it will be a practicable scheme. Above all, it will not be a scheme which, under the guise of settling the ex-soldier on the land at home, carts him off to one of the Dominions. If a man wants to try his fortune in Australia, or Canada, or in the fertile tracts of South Africa, let him go—and good luck to him! But if he yearns to live and work in the Old Country, then he has a right to first choice and the best consideration. Let me give a word of warning to the discharged soldier and to the returning Tommy—don't be lured away from old Blighty until you are sure you cannot make a decent and an honourable living here. There is room for all, and there will be more room after the war—alike in farm and city, in the fields and in the factories—if we keep out the Hun, and all other enemies, and set to rebuilding our prosperity for the benefit of our own pockets and not to fill the banks of Berlin and Vienna.

Britain for the British.

And this brings me to a subject which the men who are shouldering the rifle, lumbering about in tanks, and serving the guns have no time for at the moment—keeping our markets for ourselves and our Allies, and keeping out the Hun as long as we can do without him. Oh! the politicians are very shy of the subject. The Old Gang are at their old games again. It was Mr. Balfour in the bad, silly days who said he could put his Tariff policy on a half sheet of notepaper. Well, I can put mine in six words—THE BRITISH EMPIRE FOR BRITISH PEOPLE. Call it what you will—Preference, Free Trade, Tariff Reform, Protection; hurl mud or sing praise, I care not. Labels never frighten me—I want "the goods." And what I want is to ensure that the fighting man, when the struggle is over and peace reigns over a mourning and an exhausted world, shall be certain of getting what he has fought for—the right to work for a good wage; the right to a decent, comfortable home; the joy of seeing his children grow up in healthy surroundings, and of sharing in the prosperity of an Empire made bigger by sacrifice, and stronger and richer by the splendid ties of a world friendship. But all these things cannot be had for the asking; they will need battling for—and it is our duty to do the battling while Jack and Tommy are carrying the banners of war to splendid victory.

CAUGHT ON THE NEW WIRELESS 'PHONE.

KAISER AND PRINCE.

Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Is that my silly ass of an eldest son?

You wouldn't expect the son of my father to be anything else, would you, sire?

Silence, whelp! No back talk! It is verboten. . . .

Yes, the truth always *was* verboten in Germany. . . .

I have not rung you up to bandy words, you impertinent puppy, but to ask how it is you are not in Paris by now?

For the same reason you did not eat your Christmas dinner there in 1914, I suppose.

Himmel! *Will* you cease your impudence? If I have any more of it I'll—*I'll disinherit you!*

Wish you would! Then my napper might feel rather more safe on my shoulders.

Coward! Call yourself a Hohenzollern?

Some of our enemies are calling me worse names than that. . . .

Impossible, you idiot!—I mean, how dare you say so? But answer my question. What is the meaning of your retreat before Foch?

It means we found it more healthy to retire than to continue our advance.

Fool! Do you realise what you have done? You say you found it more healthy to retire. But I tell you it will not prove so—*in the end.* I see signs and I hear murmurs that tell me that presently the air of Germany will be very much more unhealthy for the Hohenzollern than the hottest pocket you've ever been in.

It's quite hot enough for me in Picardy—where I certainly found no roses in my bed, whatever the song may lead one to expect.

Hang your roses! This is no time for damned flippancy; remember I am the Emperor as well as your father. A worse enemy than the Allies will ere long arise in Germany. History, they say, repeats itself, and the fate of former kings who have attempted the conquest of the world, begins to appal me.

Buck up, old top! You mustn't get depressed. Remember we've still got Hindenburg and Ludendorff to lead the German tribes, with hammer blows, to victory. Besides, there is the good old German God, who you have told us times out of number is on our side, not to speak of good old German Fritz in Heaven.

Bah! Don't speak to me of Hindenburg! What has he done? He has won battles, but he has not won the war.

Strange! And I don't know how many iron nails I have hammered into his wooden effigy. The last time I gave my thumb such a teaser!

Frivolous inept! Do you not realise the seriousness of our position? Your defeat in the West has snatched from us our last chance to conclude a peace at all favourable to Germany. I see nothing but ruin before us.

Then chuck up the sponge, old sport. Stop the war. I believe that's the only way to obtain decent terms.

I dare not. It is not our enemies I am afraid of. It is the starved and discontented German hordes. I think of Nicky's fate, and shudder. I must go on, and if my destruction is decreed, I will at least sweeten my end by including the destruction of my people with my own.

I see. You want to work the Samson stunt. Well, dad, you may leave me out of that. Number One is my motto. I'm ringing off now. There's a chateau close by, with some very decent pictures. I'm on them. . . What?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"RACING PIGEON":—
"France has been sorely tried, the Old Country has been sorely tried, but the enemy is IN THE SAME BOAT, STAGGERING IN THE RING."

"BRIXTON FREE PRESS" (advertisement):—
"Board-residence wanted for TWO LADIES AND ONE GENTLEMAN, ONE BEDROOM DOUBLE-BEDDED."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Gardener would like to take charge of VACANT GENTLEMAN'S house."

"THE 'MARVEL'":—
"'Eh?' exclaimed Pete, listening anxiously, for the SCREAMS APPEARED TO BE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS WITH A HEAVY TREAD."

"HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD ADVERTISER":—
"After the chairman's speech, Mr. Balfour, who was NOT PRESENT, was invited to the platform."

"DAILY MIRROR":—
"He assaulted the railway companies; demanded the IMPOSSIBLE from them; occasionally GOT IT."

"CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE & UNIVERSITY JOURNAL":—
"A capital military band under the direction of Drum-Major Gee, will DISCOURAGE music throughout the afternoon."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—
"One wise VIRGIN, the FATHER of a large family . . . has laid in several piles of wood against the coming of coal-rationing time."

"YORKSHIRE POST":—
"The heavy RATES have caused partial floods in these rivers."

PEACE AND PELMANISM.

A FORECAST.

When Peace becomes an accomplished fact—then will begin anew the battle for a living. No longer will labour scarcity give the mediocre man the opportunities of the super-man. Millions who are now in the fighting lines or back of them will be released upon a country struggling with the problems of reconstruction and expansion.

Then **brains** will count.

Then only the man and the woman with trained, able brains will win and will hold the positions that bring high reward. The untrained brain will struggle for mere existence.

Is yours the trained or the untrained brain? In other words, has your brain been Pelmanised? Are you prepared to handle an executive job—the position that carries a high salary? The Pelmanised brain is the super-brain—the brain that ensures for its owner **certain** affluence and a safe position.

Pelmanism does for the brain what physical training does for the body. It develops all its latent powers, it strengthens it, organises its functions, stimulates ideas, and ensures sound mental balance.

Pelmanism reconstructs and harmonises the brain's activities, makes it perform its several functions swiftly in perfect co-ordination and co-operation.

The brain that has **not** been Pelmanised is like the desk of a busy man who lacks system—a higgledy-piggledy mass of facts, data and details. Information is there—but it needs searching for. "Experience" leaves little or no impression upon such a brain. The Pelmanised brain is as the desk of the busy man with a system. It may be literally steeped with important matter, but every fact, every experience, every subject is so accurately and precisely arranged and classified that it can be found and used instantly when needed.

Which kind of brain is yours?

Pelmanism not only develops the **memory** to a degree that amazes every student of its principles, but develops the **creative** brain and the **thinking** brain. Pelmanism develops a controlled and fertile imagination—gives shrewdness, astuteness and the faculty for clear, cold, sound reasoning.

Pelmanism enables you to see and to seize opportunities—to foresee the logical trend of events and to anticipate them—to subject to severest and all-searching investigation any scheme or idea. It enables you to sift the essential from the non-essential, the useful from the useless. It enables you to see immediately the shortest, most direct and effectual course to adopt in any call for action. It prevents you making mistakes. Pelmanism makes the brain prolific in energy and endows it with all those qualities absolutely essential to success in any walk of life.

Pelmanism, moreover, makes your enjoyment of life keener by developing your faculty for observation and appreciation. To get the best of everything in life you need Pelmanism.

Pelmanism is simple in operation, makes but little demand on your time. You practise it as you go about your daily work, and you benefit by it from the first moment of your study.

Begin to Pelmanise now.

WHAT PELMANISM IS DOING.

Pelmanism is enabling *Business men and women* to increase their income-earning capacity by 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and in some cases by even 300 per cent.

"Thanks to the Pelman training I have been transferred and have made such good progress that my salary is now doubled. I proposed, and carried out, a loose-leaf costing system that has been an absolute success. The Pelman System has been my faithful friend," writes a Clerk.

Pelmanism is helping *Professional men and women* to achieve better results with less effort, to enlarge their incomes, to increase their prestige, and to secure rapid advancement.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether, I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit," writes a Solicitor.

Pelmanism is proving of the utmost value to *Soldiers and Sailors*, enabling them to develop just those qualities which lead to promotion, and forming, in addition, a most fascinating mental recreation.

"As a direct consequence of lesson 2 I have got a step in rank," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

Pelmanism is helping *Schoolmasters, Teachers, University and other Students* enormously in their educational work.

"My memory is greatly improved, but far beyond that is the inspiration infused into my flagging energies. I am situated in a very lonely district, without one friend to associate with educationally, and the strain was beginning to tell. Your lessons woke new aspirations, and I am now taking up new work, and feel intellectually quite another being," writes a Headmaster.

Write for full particulars to-day. They will be sent you free. Just drop a postcard (remember it is a penny stamp now) to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.1, and by return you will receive a copy of "Mind and Memory" (containing full particulars of the Pelman Course), a copy of "Truth's" latest (fourth) report on the Pelman System, and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees. All the above will be sent you by return gratis and post free. Write to-day.

Overseas addresses:—South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban. Australia: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne. Canada: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto.

[ADVT.]

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Poor Beggar!:—A crippled man was sent back to the Front from an English hospital a fortnight ago; now he is for general Court-Martial because he could not nip under cover quickly enough, according to his Officer's view, when an air raid was on!

British Prussianism:—At Applepie Camp, Longmoor, and at the R.E. Depôt at Borden, there is an Order in force to the effect that if any man overstays his leave, all the other occupants of his hut will also have to suffer. Surely the War Office will cancel so glaring an instance of martinetism directly it is brought to notice?

Where Did the Fizz Go?:—In order to celebrate their Day of Independence, the French Authorities sent to each Unit of the Independent Royal Air Force several cases of champagne. On the whole the "bubbly-water" was honestly distributed, but the N.C.O.s and men of one of the Squadrons did not get their share, and ask us if it passed the Officers' Mess. The distance being so great, we cannot make personal inquiries.

Not Fair to Tommy:—District orders at Alexandria lay down that, owing to disorderly conduct on the part of some troops, N.C.O.s and men cannot retain the privileges they have hitherto enjoyed on the local railway. We know who the hilarious "disorderlies" really were; and are at one with the clean-British soldier who chafes under the indignity and inconvenience inflicted by the Order in question.

Knowsley Park:—The other day we commented upon the change for the worse at Knowsley Park—given as a Command Depôt by Lord Derby. Somebody there took umbrage at our remarks, and read out to the men the Army Order forbidding writing to papers—particularly instancing JOHN BULL. Whoever is in command should give him a friendly hint as to the way to handle men so as to retain their respect. Lord Derby is personally keen upon having the men at the depot well treated, and is against anything being done to make them unhappy.

A Glaring Injustice:—Not for the first time has Mr. Hogge, M.P., impeached the veracity of a Prime Minister—and not for the first time has he been right. We are sure that Mr. Lloyd George spoke innocently when he stigmatised as a lie the statement that, as a rule, the mothers of our youngest soldiers receive no allowance. The slightest inquiry would, however, have satisfied him that his interruptor was quite correct, and voiced a glaring scandal of the war.

Where "Dora" Comes In:—It is an offence to sell a military badge to any other than an authorised person, but the authorities might go a bit further and fix a price so as to prevent profiteering. We find that a dealer at Blandford charges 1s. 6d. for a Royal Air Force cap badge, whereas other tradesmen in the same town ask but 8d. The difference is about a day's pay.

A Damned Insult:—The other day a fellow with War Office authority walked into No. 12 Canteen, No. 12 Camp, K.O.Y.L.I., at Ripon, demanding fifty chairs from the canteen for German prisoners at Skipton. There are only one hundred chairs in this canteen for nine hundred true and tried British Tommies, mostly wounded and convalescent men. We are with those who hold that it is too bad for our splendid men to be compelled to stand while all the comforts are handed over to the German scum, but unfortunately this kind of preferential treatment for Huns is nothing new.

Old Clothes:—We have received a complaint from the men of the 433rd Agricultural Labour Company, at Bedford, to the effect that when their uniform is worn to rags they cannot have it exchanged, and that kit inspections are not made by an officer. Is there any higher authority in charge of this place?

"JACK."

The Torpedo Badge:—When it was decided to grant a badge to the merchant sailor unfortunate enough to have been torpedoed, there was much joy at sea. But the badge turns out to be a small cotton affair, looking like a red fittlebat which has fallen out of the sky and moored itself on the sleeve of the sailor's coat. In the pukka Navy gold badges are granted; we do not see why the merchant Jacks should be treated differently.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

"Easing" the Rates!:—An advertisement for a billiard-marker was recently exhibited at a Workmen's Hall in Wales. Two discharged soldiers and an able-bodied civilian applied for the job, and when they paraded before the Chairman of the Committee he told the two silver badgers that it was the duty of the State to find suitable positions for them—fortifying this opinion with the remark that "discharged soldiers were a heavy burden on the rates." Thank heaven, this is not typical of "*gallant* little Wales"!

The Great Insurance Fraud:—The regulations of the National Health Insurance scheme, as affecting discharged soldiers, are in such a state of flux that it is hard to keep pace with them, though what is pretty evident is that there is dirty work brewing. Forms are now being issued to applicants for State benefit catechising them in regard to Army pensions, gratuities, allowances, present employment, rate of wages, and reasons for discharge. What's the little game?

Bolstering Up a Bad Case:—Retford Council, ignoring in the usual way an application from an ex-soldier, has appointed as its Fuel Overseer a single man, B.1, only 38 years of age. His principal supporter in the Council gravely argued that, though single, the man was old enough to be married if he had been in a hurry, and that, as he looked after two sisters, he had more responsibilities than a married man, who had none, because other people so provided for him that he was independent of everything. Nobody laughed, and the "job" was completed.

Pie-Crust Promises:—When a lamplighter left his employment in the Gas Department of a provincial Corporation and took up a rifle, he was patted on the back and all kinds of fine promises were poured into his ear—among them that on his return he would be found good employment. He went through the furnace "out there," and returned with kind recollections of the promises. However, when he went before the Manager he was asked whether he could climb a ladder, and when he replied in the negative he was met with the remark, "Oh, well, then, you had better come and see me after the war; people will then be using more stoves perhaps, and we may find you a job." What has the Gas Committee, or the City Council in question, to say to this?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

An Old Soldier's Distress:—His wife is blind, and has to pay somebody to take her about. She has also had a lot of trouble owing to debts contracted during sickness, and before she would let her husband know the facts she had parted with half her home.

Verge of Starvation:—This applicant was in a pitiable plight when we received her letter, which told us she has five children to keep on the bare allowance of 8s. 6d. from a sailor son. No rent has been paid for weeks, but the chief difficulty was where to get the next meal.

A Fresh Start:—We were glad to send some assistance to a poor fellow who is about to be discharged from hospital in order to continue work. He required the cost of lodgings until he could take his wages.

A Postwoman's Appeal:—During three years' service she has caught cold upon cold, and has developed consumption. Though ordered to stay off work and recuperate at a rest home, she had not the money to pay the fare.

Pressed for Payment:—Four children under ten years of age, healthy and hearty, make a full demand upon the weekly allowance of a soldier's wife. One in such circumstances unwittingly got in debt, tried to put aside a small amount weekly to get straight, but found it impossible even to meet current expenses.

The Sole Support:—A discharged soldier, with a useless arm, has up to the present been unable to earn anything to add to his pension, which is insufficient for the needs of himself and his aged mother. They have got into debt, and were greatly in need of outside help.

Other Cases:—

Consumption has laid hold of a woman's husband and one of her children. Money needed for nourishment.

Husband killed in action; five small sons to keep out of pension.

Soldier's wife cannot properly feed and clothe her many young children; unable to work to supplement allowance.

Doctor's bill unpaid for attendance on child, who has had long illness, during which time mother was off work.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

"Skeirfield," £1 1s; "A Friend" (Holloway), 1s. 6d.; M. N., 2s. 6d.; G. T. (Ashford), 3s.; "A Scot," 10s.; Mrs. T. (Fleetwood), 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s., "B. (F. W.," 2s. 6d.; Pte. E. B., 2s. 4d.; "A Few Officers, H.M.S. *Cinderia*," 7s. 6d.; "Lancashire," 5s.; Employees, Airship, Ltd., Merton, £1 10s; H. S. (Glasgow), 8d.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich, £1; "David" (H.M.S. *Wallington*), 12s. 9d.; "One Tenth" (Lincoln), £1; "Dickie" (Dundee), 5s.; "A Lonely Widow," 5s.; "Merry Nick," 2s. 4d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Thankoffering" (Walthamstow), 5s.; "A Sister of Two Khakis," 2s.; "Julia N.," 5s.; E. B. E., 2s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Wilhelmina Muggins," 5s.; Officers' Mess, H.M.T. *Oreoma*, £1 10s.; E. S. S. (King's Norton), £1; "2s. 6d. Winter A. 6d.; M. E. C. (Wimbledon), 1s. 6d.; "A Wicked Gambler" (York), £1; "Badger," 5s.; J.-E. (Cheltenham), 10s.; E. T. W. (Plymouth), 5s.; R. E. B., 1s.; A. M. (Hounslow), 1s. 6d.; J. C. W., 6d.; Mrs. A. A., 6d; A. E. Y., 6d.; "A Reader," 1s.; Anonymous, 1s.; E. S., £1 1s.; "Mishima Maru," 10s.; Mrs. L., 1s.; "Childless Soldier's Wife," 1s.; J. W., 1s.; "Hawthorn," £1; Lady W. (Hawkhurst), 2s. 2d.; "The Milk Lady" (Ealing), 4s.; W. C. (Brockley), 2s. 6d.; G. N. (Campden Hill), £10; M. W. (Barnsbury), 5s.; E. G., 20 francs; "M. A. C. Thankful," 10s.; Mrs. A. Ge, £1; W. T. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; E. J. W. (Putney), 2s. 6d.; W. D. F. (Sheffield), 10s.; "S. Ealing Reader" (1s.); W. T. (Bedford), 3s.; Mrs. S. J. D. (Wallasey), £1 1s.; G. A. M., 10s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

W. E., 5s 4d.; "Frisian Lad," 1s.; A. W. (Forest Gate), 2s.; D. S. (Gibraltar), 1s. 10d.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"CAN. SOLDIER" (Eastham).—The Hun will continue to get all the gas shells he invented, and probably a bit extra.

A. M. R. (Loughboro').—"With great pleasure I congratulate you on the various articles appearing week by week." Many and various, sad, or hilarious, some temetarious, yea, week by week.

"THE WHACKO W.A.A.C." (Monmouthshire).—We note that you "would like to grouse a little to someone with some sense." That hits us off to a fine shade.

"AN IRISH PAPIST" (Lisbon).—"You're a hero." Thanks, but we would rather you didn't make a song about it.

"COSMOPOLITAN" (Swansea).—Afraid you wil' get no damages for injury to health caused by war-bread. We've damaged no end, but don't expect a half-penny.

N. B. (Old Trafford).—As you afterwards found, you were quite mistaken in assuming that every letter to us "costs a poor body a shilling." We haven't joined the Corps of Profiteers.

"CONSCIENTIOUS" (Balham).—Run away and throw stones at yourself.

"IRON DUKE" (Brill).—"There is more patriotism in Tommy's little finger-nail than in 100 strikers." Yes, 'tis as the difference between something and nothing.

S. M. (Shoreditch).—Tut! Tut!—Comparatively, the people of this country are living o'e fighting cocks.

W. E. B. (Southport).—So Von Bissing, brother to Nurse Cavell's murderer, plays golf almost daily at Fort Anne Links, Douglas, I. of M., monopolising the services of the professional. Well, we're bunkered! But won't Sir George Cave-in be pleased!

"OLD SOLDIER" (Levenhulme) is revolutionary. He suggests that women who are married and have no children should be compelled to adopt children of soldiers killed in action, or pay a heavy fine.

W. A. D. (Hersham).—Awfully good of you to "print us as a decent chap." Don't think us fulsome when we say that you seem a passable specimen.

"YOU'RE PACIFIST" ("In Hiding").—"I think it would be much better if you went and done a bit of murdering yourself." Shall we start by shooting pacifists like you?

O. T. (Liverpool).—"Surely there must be some method of sensible settlement of the Irish question?" Surely, but evidently Carson and Dillon can't find it.

Miss G. (Bristol).—That pacifist leaflet, "Militarism and Education," artfully circulated among schools, ought to be hooted and booed.

"MUNITION SISTER" (Edgbaston).—No recognition has gone to the Sisters in munition factories, but perhaps it is an honour to remain proudly unmarked.

A. B. (Carlton Hotel).—"How can we win the war unless we intern the whole lot?" Ask Sir George Cave.

A. M. (Birkenhead).—We have already said our say about the medical examination of the older recruits, and we can't say it all over again just because you happen to have missed it.

A. S. (Glasgow).—"The persecution I have suffered is more than tongue can tell." The disability mentioned shows the tongue to be masculine.

PTE. C. L. S.—You are to blame for trying to deal with Davis and Co., Denmark Hill, although you had read our many warnings. Consult a solicitor.

A. W. K. B. (Shields).—Surprising to find pork-butchering carried on by Germans. Also startling to find Britons dealing with them. A boycott would "burst the businesses."

J. W. S. (Richmond).—"Am discharged through rheumatism and old age. Enlisted August, 1914: gave my age as 36. Am now in my 60th year. Shocking, isn't it, to tell lies?" The Recording Angel will not have registered your whopper against you.

H. M. (B.E.F., France).—"With pride shall our bosoms swell." Alas, too true. At the fifth line of your poem we "busted" our shirt-front.

"JIM DAWLEY" (Hayes).—Thanks for verses "copied out of an old book." Hope you haven't injured your eyesight.

J. M. (Belfast).—Much interested in what you tell us, although we regret that our "valuable paper" is bunged up to the brim, so to speak.

G. R. (Buckingham).—"For some reasons, it seem reasonable for me to ask for favours or kindness's, please." For other reasons, particularly the absence of your reasons, it seems perfectly reasonable for us to refuse them, please.

G. E. W. (Catford, S.E.).—Always understood the bulk of John Burns' capital was sunk in rare folio Shakespeares, though why so militantly patriotic a poet should appeal to him we fail to understand.

J. McK. (Renfrew).—German-printed post-cards still on sale, and you "should like to see these things exposed through JOHN BULL." When did you commence to read us—next week?

Mrs. J. H. (Cannock).—Your fifteen-year-old makes a fine "John Bull" certainly. The only fault is that he has not let his chest slip near enough to his boots.

PTE. G. S. (Shearton Hill).—Probably half the British Army didn't know how ill it was, and the other half how healthy it was, until graded by the doctor.

"JAPER" (Cockermouth).—You make too much of your troubles. Look at Jonah; as somebody has said in similar case, *he* came out on top all right.

"DISGUSTED EX-SOLDIER."—If you were to go to the Egg Market, Hop Exchange, any Monday morning, and see the alien enemies on the job, you would know why eggs cost 5d. each.

M. F. (Manchester).—"I looked on you as a friend long before the war, when I read in my JOHN BULL your kindness to dumb brutes." What about our unkindness to brutes that are *not* dumb?

E. J. (Bootle).—"You will know how to put this in." Shan't put it in at all.

E. S. (Eltham).—It is quite possible that the young gentleman may have no birth certificate. Perhaps he arrived without his Passport.

"R.A.F." (Shorncliffe).—The interest charged by that moneylender on small loans to young officers works out at 200 per cent. It is Shylock getting his pound of flesh without a meat coupon.

R. B. (W'hampton).—"Let me know if there has been 4 assizes at Stafford in the last 20 years." Regret we cannot help you to recall the dates of your appearances there.

DRIVER J. S. C. (France).—"Did one of the Siamese Twins get married?" We always understood they were spliced together.

J. W. W. (Lancaster).—The Trade Union you mention may not be exactly "recognised by the Government," but we believe the General Secretary has been nodded at once or twice in Whitehall.

D. D. (Folkestone).—If you were really dismissed from your situation as a waitress for no other offence than waving your hand to British soldiers bound for France, we have no words strong enough to condemn the action of your employers.

"Q.M.A.A.C.s" (Haddington).—"One W.A.A.C. kissed a soldier and got one day's C.B., the other two days' C.B." Did the second one kiss two soldiers, or double it on one?

"BLANCHE" (Cromer).—If you score a bull in "Bullets" competition, you would receive the prize the day the result was published.

W. P. (Thornton Heath).—Sorry to see from the Report of the Croydon Borough School for Boys that "the leakage of boys over 15 was greater than usual." H'm; old enough to know better.

"READER" (Chelmsford).—You have an idea that a local German runs a wireless apparatus up his chimney-pot on dark nights? Isn't the notion just a bit chimney-potty?

H. F. E. (Highbury).—We have asked our artist to consider your suggestion for cartoon:—"Investiture: King pinning V.C.s on brave Tommies. King branding strikers with shame on their foreheads."

W. P. C. (Addiscombe) and OTHERS think we should not have included in our Black List under Ottoman subjects naturalised Armenians, holding that they are "enemies" under *force majeure*.

J. P. M. (Alnwick).—Sorry no room for riddles. Ask the missus at bedtime.

E. B. (Southsea).—"If JOHN BULL was 3d. I should buy it; if 6d. I should buy it; if 9d. I should buy it; if 1s. I should buy it; but if any more I should have to borrow it, for I couldn't afford it." Thank you!

T. A. (Birmingham).—"One of your readers is troubled with bronchial asthma also the Premium Watch Co." Of two evils, choose the asthma.

C. D. (Kensington).—"I am a licentiate of the University of Dijon. I am obliged to teach you your history." Puffed out with a little learning, you obtrude the fact that you never graduated in a School of Good Manners.

PTE. E. J. C.—"Enclosed cutting from your own paper might be in 'Printer's Pie.' Should it not? I'm not much of a scholar." No, it should not. Yes, you are not.

R. C. W. (Fort William).—To give all the information you ask for, we should have to print an issue as big as a gasometer.

F. G. B. (Cheshunt).—A German woman married to an Englishman is a British subject. There is no charge for this priceless information.

C. A. (St. Leonards).—Every JOHN BULL Pen, at whatever price, is fitted with a 14ct. solid gold nib.

J. S. (Ashford).—Evidently the "conferdensional" clerk at your factory has shocking bad manners. Ask him if he's anybody in particular.

W. H. R. (Craigruthie).—"The Conscientious Humbugs are fond of quoting 'Scripture.'" That is one of the resemblances they bear to the Devil.

E. M. (Stapleford Abbotts).—"Some time ago I decided not to take in JOHN BULL any more." That would have been a take-in for us. As it is, your weekly 2d. saves the ship.

C. L. (Durham).—"I am 75 years old and a life-long Teetotaler." Dear us! We shudder to think what you have missed. As to giving you "a definition of a Pumpturian," we do not know that word, but suggest that it might mean a person who has succeeded in living to 100 on cold water.

G. L. (Edinburgh).—"How is the Prince of Wales's Fund being spent? On *salaries*?" A deal of it is, doubtless.

"HORRIE" (Surrey) says there is a munitions factory at Cheam where from 1,200 to 1,500 hands are "idle because of contracts running slack, or something else." As he puts it, if the labour is not wanted there the Government should transfer it elsewhere.

"ABATTOIR" (London).—Man doth not live by meat alone; but write to the Food Committee and make no bones about it.

A. Y. (Bootle).—So you think the Mayor was polite when *we* said he wasn't. Like your sauce!

"DISGUSTED" (Sparkhill).—We agree that the existing allowances to soldiers' wives is an insult, in face of safe and well-paid munition strikers.

B. J. (Nottingham).—You are suspicious of one solicitor? Some people take a wider view of the profession.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our New Safety Model

As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/6

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/6 By Post 1½d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Aug. 17th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, E.C., on the 6th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Farrow, chairman and managing director.

Mr. Farrow, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, observed that despite the fact that they were still in the throes of a devastating world war, which had taxed all available resources to the uttermost, those who were actively concerned with the commercial life of Great Britain and the Empire had no reason whatever for despondency.

So far as banking was concerned, the reports and figures recently published showed that the financial condition of the country was absolutely sound. For reasons which he gave he felt convinced that the dawn of victory would soon arise, and he emphasised the Prime Minister's injunction to "Hold Fast."

He deplored the necessity of State Socialism, with its consequent destruction of individualism, but hoped and believed that after the war they would again enjoy those blessings of freedom which had made the Empire great. They should, however, now provide for the arts of Peace, as they were doing for the victories of War.

Mr. Farrow proceeded to deal with the question of bank amalgamations, and stated that his own views had undergone some modification. He was of opinion that the powerful combines now formed, with Governmental sanction, would prove effective in adequately financing home and overseas industries, and would render powerless the tentacles of the German octopus. There was still need, however, for such institutions as Farrow's, dealing as they did with particular classes of business and individuals who might find it difficult to obtain reasonable credit facilities elsewhere. The meeting concluded with votes of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

POTATO BLIGHT!

Spray your POTATOES with

COPPER SULPHATE

TO PREVENT DISEASE AND TO INCREASE YIELD.

Can be obtained through the USUAL DEALERS and MERCHANTS at a SPECIAL LOW RATE, for Spraying purposes, and from

THE MOND NICKEL CO., LTD.,

Sales Office, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1, Manufacturers.

ORDER YOUR COPPER SULPHATE NOW. No Grower is safe until he has actually secured his supply.

Repeated experiments show that

SPRAYING INCREASES the POTATO CROP by 2½ TONS

Per statute acre, and in a bad year may save the whole crop.

Mixture recommended to spray once 1 statute acre is 24 lbs. Sulphate of Copper, 30 lbs. Washing Soda, 120 gallons Water.

For full information as to method of spraying, write for Booklet on Potato Disease issued free by the Mond Nickel Co., 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

TRADE MARK FACE

DO NOT BLAME

Your dealer if he cannot supply you with the "EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR.

Stocks are low owing to the World-demand and the restriction of imports. We are over-burdened with orders which will be executed so soon as further supplies are available. Those on service have first claim on our factories. Millions of our gallant British and U.S.A. Troops are appreciating the comfort and convenience of the "EVER-READY" RAZOR—it is a shaving joy.

Ever-Ready "Radio" Blades

6 for 2/-
12 for 4/-
DO NOT PAY MORE

A Razor is only as good as its Blades, and the Ever-ready "RADIO" Blades make the best razor in the World. Each Blade is wrapped in a patented sealed package that is not only protection against rust and dust but is absolutely Sanitary.

Refuse substitutes and look for the Trade Mark Face on every Sealed Package.

To be obtained From all Dealers, otherwise from the Manufacturers:

"EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
130, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

Marvels of the Universe

The great Lord Avebury, in his beautiful Introduction to "Marvels of the Universe," says:—"I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-men lose from their ignorance of science. If anyone is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest to those who have eyes to see."

Not only the world that we inhabit, but the Universe of which it forms but a small part, is full of marvels. This magnificent work gives Nature's Marvels in the Heavens, the Earth, Plant Life, Animal Life, and the Mighty Deep—in other words, the cream of Nature's realm. Its field is even wider than our planet, for it includes the Sun, Moon, and Stars. On the other hand, with the aid of the microscope, it reveals the most minute marvels of animal and plant life. Between these two extremes—the infinitely great and the incomprehensibly small—comes a vast assemblage of marvels that may be seen by the unaided eye, but which are in general passed by unheeded, if not actually unseen, for want of an efficient and friendly guide to point them out. "Marvels of the Universe" will bring great pleasure into your home.

It has cost over £10,000 to produce, and contains over 1,650 Illustrations, over 1,850 pages, about 1,400 Marvels, 24 Fine Coloured Plates, about 320,000 words, and is written by over 40 Eminent Naturalists.

A Standard and International Work, and has been translated into all the leading languages. Over 100,000 have been sold.

It is one of the cheapest books in the world, and is printed throughout on the finest English Art Paper, and is uniform with the "Wonders of the World," "Belgium the Glorious," "Living Races of Mankind," "Living Animals of the World," "Deeds that Won the Empire," and "Sir Douglas Haig's Great Push."

We will send you FREE on receipt of 6d. to cover postage the first 50 pages and a beautiful Coloured Plate as an advertisement.

Write to-day to Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., (Dept. 96), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Vi-Cocoa

VI-COCOA restores lost energy and builds both brain and body. The ideal mid-morning beverage.

The Food beverage of the People.

Made in DELECTALAND

GOOD-BY-EE

TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES, GNATS & FLIES

Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing, etc.

Non-Greasy Stick!

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIERS FRIEND PARASITOX

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

FRECKLE FACE.

New Remedy that Removes Freckles or Costs Nothing.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a new remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles, while, if it does give you a clear complexion, the cost is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of TELMO—double strength, from Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White's, Hodder's, or other leading chemists' stores, and one night's treatment will show you how easy it is to rid yourself for ever of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask your chemist for the double strength telmo, as this is the only prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—[ADVT.]

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
INSECT BITES, STINGS AND SORE FEET,

PAIN, INFLAMMATION and POISON DRAWN OUT BY

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

Grasshopper is specially recommended for treating the stings of Gnats, Wasps, Bees, Mosquitoes, and other insects, as it sucks out the virus which the stings leave in the blood. Grasshopper well rubbed into Swollen or Sore Feet Draws out the Pain and Inflammation with a promptitude and effectiveness which surpass all expectation.

The swelling subsides, and it is again possible to walk without discomfort.

Sold by all Drug Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or post free from J. B. Albert, 73 Farringdon Street, London E.C. 4.

HAWLEY'S

YORKSHIRE PUDDING
POWDER

Batters your Batter.

Public opinion states that in the making of batter, Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder more than merely takes the place of eggs. Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder is not a war-time expedient—it was made to improve on eggs, to produce lightness, and "batter your batter." Buy a packet to-day, and prove its worth in your next "Yorkshire" or dish of Pancakes.

Ask for the 1½d. packet, which substitutes two eggs, and is sufficient for two Yorkshire Puddings

Sole Manufacturers:
H. B. & R. HAWLEY, Ltd.,
Feed Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest, most economical Custard obtainable, delicious flavour, absolutely pure, most nourishing.

The Cream of All Custards.

Cream Custard

Allinson WHOLEMEAL Bread

See the Band on every Loaf.

'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST £200 PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES of 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose one of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—MERRY AND BRIGHT. Bullet:—TOMMY ALWAYS IS. Example:—FAST FRIENDS. Bullet:—HOT KAISER AND KARL. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated September 7th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 298.

HAIG'S MOVE	AMERICA'S START	IN THE DOCK	PIGS IN CLOVER
SURPRISING THE HUNS	A BIG CRUSH	GREAT LUXURY	WHEN MOTHER BATHES
PLEASANT TO HEAR THAT	PLAYING THE GAME	MERRY AND BRIGHT	FAST FRIENDS
LITTLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE	OUR CURATE	HOLIDAY RUSH	A FAIR CATCH
ON THE ROCKS	MAKES FATHER TALK	GETTING HOME STRAIGHT	ACCORDING TO SAMPLE
HUN TRICKS	NOT AT HOME	SHIRKING	PASSING RICH
GETTING UPPER HAND	PEACE TERMS	TOMMY'S JOB	MIGHTY DEEP
RIGHT ON TOP	WHEN POLICEMAN CALLS	GRASS WIDOW	THE KAISER IMAGINES

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 22nd

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(298) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 22nd

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(298) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 298, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 299.

TOMMY'S HOLIDAY	ARMY ORDERS	HAND OVER FIST	POLICEMAN'S LOT
NO MISTAKE	FAST AND LOOSE	OLD CAT	HER BATHING DRESS
SPENT WITH CARE	BAREFACED ROBBERY	THE WRONG WAY	VAIN DREAM
BEASTLY NUISANCE	FINDING THE LADY	CARRYING ON	BEGINNING TO TUMBLE
HUGGING A DELUSION	SWEET STUFF	TAKES SOME BEATING	HAUNTS THE KAISER

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 29th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **298** in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 298,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain more than two examples for competition 298.

List of Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 295 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide any prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 295th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. JOHN CLASSON, 72, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

Example:—OLD FRIENDS.
Bullet:—SHARE HARDSHIPS "WITH PLEASURE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. P. M. ADAMSON, 45, Sackville Gardens, Brighton.
Example:—AMERICAN FIGHTERS.
Bullet:—"SCORE" WHERE "ONE" EXPECTED.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. W. PYM, 11, Hall Place Gardens, St. Albans.
Example:—CHEERING NEWS.
Bullet:—TONIC THAT SUGGESTS ANOTHER.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. K. LAMPORT, 53, Oaklands Road, Cricklewood: THE FRENCH WAY—LEADING "TOWARDS THE FINISH."
Mr. J. CONNY, Ditton Dene, Whytecliffe Road, Purley: A BIG FAILURE—"MASTERLY RETREAT" SOUNDS NICER.
Mr. S. STANLEY, 54, Crawthew Grove, East Dulwich: POPPING THE QUESTION—EASY THE DAY BEFORE.
Mr. H. DAVIES, 4b, Byass Terrace, Motherwell, N.B.: AMERICAN FIGHTERS—"ALTERED OPINIONS" IN GERMANY.
Mr. H. S. ALLNUTT, 98, Marrowbrook Lane, Cove, Hants: POPPING THE QUESTION—AUSTRIA TO ALLIES SHORTLY.
Mr. F. EDMUNDS, 6, Tanyard, Cranbrook: GOOD LICKING—GERMANY'S "GETTING TO UNDERSTAND."
74, Sergt. H. L. GRACEY, Staff, C.D.D., Buxton: NOT AT WORK—"WON'T WORK" WITH CHURCHILL.
Mrs. M. M. MORRISON, "Greenhill," Tenby, Wales: HOLIDAY PRIZES—GOOD "ENTRY" SECURES "OUTING."
Mr. C. MAUGHAM, 37, Gladstone St., Hebburn-on-Tyne: WHEN INTERNED—"FANCY" LADIES VISITING HUNS.
Mr. G. GRAY, I.O.G.T. Hall, 18, Wellington Pl., Belfast: RAILWAY PORTER—"ALTERED TIMES". WORRY DREADFULLY.
Mr. M. COX, 121, Lunt Road, Linacre, Bootle: THE HIDDEN HAND—HOT FRITZ'S WHEN SURRENDERING.
Mr. J. LEWIS, 9, Dowlais Street, Gadbys, Aberdare: THE GERMAN MARK—MEANS THEIR "SOVEREIGN" SHORTLY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).
Mrs. T. D. CULLIS, 33, Eaton Crescent, Swansea: THE KAISER WON'T—BE CONSULTED ABOUT EPITAPH.
Mr. W. E. JONES, 40, Shakespeare Avenue, Rock Ferry: THE HIDDEN HAND—SIGNED MANY NATURALISATION FORMS.
Mr. J. L. WOOD, Puxstye Farm, Sandhurst, near Hawkhurst: OLD FRIENDS—FRIDAYS AND FRUGALITY.
Nurse HANCOCK, 147, Mitcham Road, East Ham: TOMMY'S PLUCK—NEEDS CONSIDERING, CONSIDERING NEEDS.
Mr. A. NEWALL, 253, Second St., Trafford Pk., Manchester: HOLIDAY PRIZES—TO WIT—A SCORE.
Mr. J. MCCULLOCH, 41, Granville Street, Clydebank: THE HIDDEN HAND—WORTH GERMAN ARMY CORPS.
Messrs. BATES and AYSCOUGH, Royal Naval Mining Depot, Immingham: THE FRENCH WAY—BEATING GERMANS" ALL ROADS."
Mr. J. R. DUDLEY, 208, South Lambeth Road, S.W.: GEORGE ROBEY—SELLS DONKEYS, RAISES "PONIES."

WHEN stung by gnats, mosquitoes, wasps, or other insects, quickly apply POND'S EXTRACT to stop the pain, reduce the inflamed swelling and avoid blood-poisoning.

POND'S EXTRACT is a powerful antiseptic with 70 years' reputation, and is the safest and best of all household remedies for **Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Sore Feet, Sunburn, Varicose Veins, Piles,** etc.

Never be without a bottle in the house.

Of all Chemists, 2/6, or direct for P.O. to the manufacturers.

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM.—A cold cream, antiseptic, with wonderful healing and beating properties. Invaluable in all **Skin Affections,** and for **Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia,** etc.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Extract *The Old Family Doctor*

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Folding Cars, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

EASY TERMS

4/- 4/-

Oct. Gold .. 21/-, Silver .. 6/-
Gold Filled .. 41-

IDENTIFICATION DISCS

FOR WRENS or W.A.A.C.S. TOMMIES or JACKS.

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

SIMS & MAYER,
(Dept. J.B.)
Walter House, 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

August 17th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

Home address.....

August 17th, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment receipt of Coupon is required.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

"I am glad we went there"

SHE: "I simply loved choosing all those beautiful things for our home. Who would have believed that we should have got just the very furniture that we'd set our hearts on? In War-time, too!"

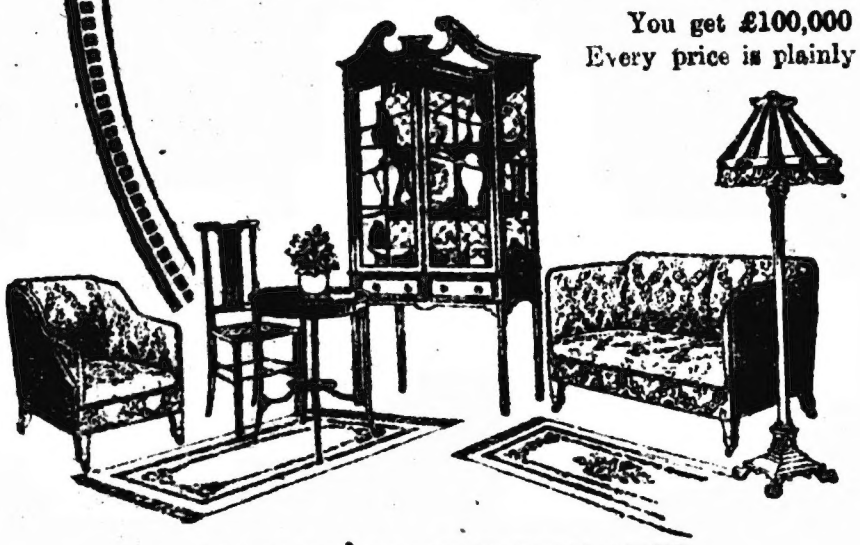
HE: "Yes, darling! And look at what we've *saved* by going to the 'Midland.' Here's the actual receipt. We might have paid double anywhere else without getting furniture of anything like the same splendid quality. It's perfectly true what people say—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

You get £100,000 of beautifully-made furniture to select from. Every price is plainly marked—and every price a bargain. There's 2/- in the £1 discount for cash. Or if you prefer to furnish out of income, the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your convenience, without disturbing your investments. You've the added advantage of *free* Fire and Air-Raid Insurance; and not a single penny to pay for interest, for credit, or for any extras whatsoever.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Sats.—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).

WHAT IS THE £ s. d. VALUE OF YOUR HAIR?

HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR MAY BE YOURS FREE!

Write To-day for one of the Free 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfits.

Not everyone would barter their hair during life for money as do the poor fisher maids of Brittany. For, after all, a really good head of hair has a higher value to its possessor than it would ever realise in the market if offered for public sale.

Every man and woman can have this priceless wealth of beautiful hair, if he or she will only devote two minutes a day to the practice of the wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair Drill." To-day, too, you can prove the truth of this statement without fee or obligation, for the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene" offers to every reader a Free Trial Harlene Outfit.

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

1. A free bottle of "Harlene," the most invigorating food for hair and scalp.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, a delightfully refreshing and cleansing preparation that prepares the hair for "Harlene Hair Drill."
3. A free bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final polish and lustre to the "Harlene" drilled hair.
4. A Free Copy of the new edition of the "Harlene Hair Drill" Manual, giving complete and detailed instructions.

This Trial Outfit does not cost you a single penny—the only small expense to which you are put being the outlay of 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on the Outfit.

HAIR THAT IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man or woman to-day can afford to neglect his or her hair. Thick, lustrous and beautiful hair has a definite cash value to everyone. It adds to your personal appearance, and a good appearance opens all doors to you. A woman has no charm to equal long, silken and radiant tresses of beautiful hair, the inspiration of a thousand poems. To a man healthy and well-groomed hair gives dignity and crispness.

And you can have such hair by practising "Hair Drill." All you have to do is to accept this most generous offer and begin "Harlene Hair Drill" at once free.

ENRICH YOUR HAIR TO-DAY.

There is no excuse to-day for any man or woman having thin, brittle, weak or falling hair. "Harlene Hair Drill" overcomes every kind of hair trouble, no matter from what cause it springs. It preserves the hair in health and it restores sickly hair back to health and beauty once more. Let "Harlene Hair Drill" enrich your hair, and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. stamps for postage and packing and a Free Outfit will be sent to you.

It costs you nothing to acquire a full Seven Days' Trial Outfit of the universally popular "Harlene Hair Drill." You will be pleasantly surprised with the results of even a short course of this delightful "five minutes a day" toilet exercise. Cut out and post this Free Gift Coupon to-day.

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

"HARLENE" HAIR DRILL FOR MEN.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

After a free trial you can always obtain any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle; Solidified Harlene, for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins, at 2s. 9d., with full directions; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NAME (in BLOCK letters).

ADDRESS.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Coupon Dept.") John Bull 17.8.18.

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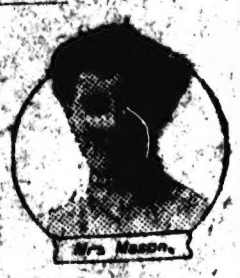

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